

For a Slender Silver Ring

By
M. MAUDE WRIGHT

"I never will marry a man who does not think enough of me to give me anything less than a diamond ring. These are the very words I used," said Amelia Jones as she flashed a diamond before Mrs. Berkley's astonished eyes.

"And Bob?"

"Oh, he first looked surprised, then angry, muttered something about the ring being set with my birthday stone and that it was the best he could afford. Then he walked off without another word."

"Of course he came back or you would not be wearing the ring."

"I must confess that I was a little bit frightened, for I do think a heap of Bob, and you never know what a man will do, but he came back the very next day and brought me this beautiful diamond ring. You see, he really cares for me," said Amelia.

"Well," said Mrs. Berkley, "I don't see how he could afford it, for he is not as well off as Joe was before we were married."

A sudden thought struck her, and she slyly glanced her left hand, but not before Amelia had noticed the action.

"Oh, Mrs. Berkley," she said impulsively, "do let me see your wedding ring. I do not remember noticing it. I know it must be something fine, for they do say that Joe Berkley was heels over head in love with you before you were married."

A flush spread over Mrs. Berkley's face.

"It is not a diamond," she faltered. "I am sure, then, it is something equally nice. Now, Mrs. Berkley, please don't be so modest," said Amelia as she wickedly pulled the hand from its hiding place, revealing a very slender band of silver.

"Oh!" Perhaps Amelia put more meaning into this exclamation than she intended, but there certainly was scorn. "Is this the kind of a ring Mr. Berkley gave you? He should be ashamed of himself, and he could have afforded to give you a diamond ring better than Bob could afford to give me one. Of course he cared for you, but men have strange ways of showing their love sometimes."

The flush on Mrs. Berkley's face grew deeper as she pulled her hand away.

"It was made out of a dime." There was no further explanation. "I left some beans in the oven and must go," said she and left.

When she reached her home she went up to her room and snatched the ring from her finger, as if it burned and threw it into a bureau drawer out of sight.

"I never will wear it again—never!" She stamped her foot angrily on the carpet. "He didn't care for me or he never would have given me a ring that would hold me up to scorn. Oh, yes; he has been good to me, but then he is good to his clerks, his dog and everything else." Her pride had been wounded.

She hoped her husband would miss the ring and thus give her a chance to say something, but if he did not miss the ring he missed something else—her usual cheery chat.

"Are you ill, Frances?" he asked, with real concern in his voice.

"No," she answered curtly. "Has anything happened, then?"

"Oh, enough has happened," she said coldly.

Her tones caused him apprehension. "Amelia Jones and Bob Dalesford are engaged," she said, slowly not knowing just how to begin.

"Is that all?" he laughed.

Mrs. Berkley did not smile.

"Bob gave Amelia a beautiful diamond ring, which showed that he cared something for her."

Something in her tone made him look down at the finger that should have worn the wedding ring.

She noticed his glance and answered it. "I never will wear it again, for you did not care anything for me when you gave me such a ring as that—a paltry ten-cent ring, a target for ridicule! You could have afforded to have given me a diamond ring better than Bob Dalesford could afford to give Amelia one, yet you did not even give me a gold one—and—and—and you pretended to love me! I was a fool. I know better now."

Mr. Berkley winced as if he had been struck. He rose and left the room, and Mrs. Berkley noticed with a pang at her heart that his usually straight shoulders were bent as from age, yet she did not call him back.

Nothing more was said about the ring, and things went on much as usual, only instead of cheer, sunshine and a sympathy there were silence, gloom and misunderstanding. Mrs. Berkley could not help noticing the haggard look that had settled down on her husband's face, and when she looked into the glass she knew that her own face was getting pale.

Several days had passed thus when another diamond was flashed before Mrs. Berkley's eyes; this time the ring was in the hand of her husband.

"I have brought you a diamond to show that I care for you—yes, I care very much indeed," he said earnestly. "Give me your hand, and we will see how it will fit." He tried to speak playfully.

"I don't want the diamond. How can I wear two wedding rings?"

Then he noticed the slender silver band on her finger. A happy light lit up his face.

"I want you to wear the diamond ring anyway. Give me the silver ring."

and I will wear it next my heart out of sight."

"I am going to wear the silver ring always," said Mrs. Berkley determinedly. Then, suddenly and severely, "Joe Berkley, how much did you pay for that diamond?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Where did you get the money? You told me when you bought that last lot of goods that you only had \$50 left in the bank." A frightened look came into her face. "You didn't?"

"No, I did not borrow or steal it. I sold the store, and tomorrow I take my old place as clerk in it, just where I was when we were married."

"Joe Berkley, I had just come to the conclusion that I was a fool, but I never dreamed you were one too!"

"I thought a diamond was necessary to show that I loved you."

"Well, if you care for me now you will take that ring back to the jeweler, and then you will march right down the street and buy back the store. Make whatever explanations you wish, but buy back the store."

The very next day Mrs. Berkley went to call on Amelia Jones.

"Oh, Mrs. Berkley, how glad I am to see you. I used you so horrid the other day. Can you ever forgive me?" exclaimed Amelia as she drew her into the room.

"Certainly. There was a little bit of romance in connection with the ring made out of a dime that I thought you would be interested in," began Mrs. Berkley without any preliminaries as soon as she was seated. "I first met Mr. Berkley on a street car. I pulled out a dime to pay the conductor when it slipped from my fingers and fell to the floor. Joe Berkley, who was sitting near, sprang up to search for it, but just then the car stopped at my destination, and I had no time to wait for the lost coin. Mr. Berkley slipped a nickel into my hand, saying he would pay my fare and keep the dime when he found it. I thanked him and left the car. The next day we met on the car again, and of course it was natural that I should ask him if he had found the dime. He had, and this opened the way for further conversation. We met often after this, and—well, you know the rest. Mr. Berkley had the dime made into a ring, and he asked me to wear it always."

"You see why I prize it above any diamond ring he could give me." Her voice was full of feeling as she finished.

"How fine!" Amelia's eyes were shining with a new light. "No, the kind of a ring does not matter, after all," she added softly as if to herself. "I believe I will tell Bob that I prefer the ring set with my birthday stone; he really could not afford the diamond anyway."

We would all like it.

A \$75,000 automobile rolled through the \$50,000 bronze gates and up the \$35,000 winding avenue to the \$20,000 marble steps. Descending from the machine, the millionaire paused a moment to view the smiling \$500,000 landscape. Across the \$80,000 lawn a \$125,000 silver lake lay sleeping in the shades of early summer evening, and beyond it rose a lordly \$80,000 hill, whose crest, cloaked with forest at an expense of \$200,000, glowed in the last golden rays of the setting sun. The billionaire sank luxuriously into a \$2,000 ivory porch chair and rested his feet on the rosewood railing of the \$160,000 veranda. "It is pleasant," he observed, "to get back to nature once in awhile. After the cares and the worries of the business day I certainly love to run out to this quiet little \$90,000 country club of ours and taste a bit of simple life. It is good to keep in touch with the soil, for what is man but dust after all?" Feeling restored, he passed in through the \$400,000 doorway to his \$15,000 dinner.—Newark News.

Many a reader of the fictitious adventures of the famous hero of the "Munchausen" (which was first published in English at Oxford during the lifetime of that prince of all fars) has no conception that the hero was a real person. Baron Hieronymus Karl Friedrich von Munchausen was a Hanoverian nobleman, a subject of the first three Georges. He was born in 1720 and died in 1797. He took service in a Russian cavalry regiment, but retired in old age to his ancestral estate at Bodenwerder, in Hanover, where he became notorious for the magnificent lies about his military adventures with which he used to entertain his neighbors at his hospitable board. A collection of these stories, entitled "Vademecum fur lustige Leute," was published at Berlin in 1781 without the baron's permission. The English work, "Baron Munchausen's Narrative of His Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia," was an expansion and improvement of the Berlin collection.

Attending to the Ears.

It is specially needful to daily remove the wax at the entrance of the ear, or it will harden and become most unsightly. This wax must never be removed by a sharp instrument, or the delicate membrane inside the ears will be injured, and inflammation may ensue, which might eventually cause deafness. If the ears irritate, gently rub them with the fingers. Do not allow anything else to be used. Warm water is better to use to wash them with than cold, and unscented soap is preferable to scented. If the wax becomes very hard, it can be easily softened by pouring in a few drops of tepid olive oil at night. Then plug the ear with cotton wool and sleep with that ear uppermost. In the morning gently syringe it out with soap and warm water, using an ear syringe for the purpose. If you cannot get pure olive oil, warmed glycerin will answer the purpose equally well.

Borough of Glen Ridge. SEWER BIDS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Borough of Glen Ridge for the construction of an eight-inch carbon pipe sewer in the following street in the Borough of Glen Ridge: In Sherman avenue from Baldwin street to the Erie Railroad.

All bids must be accompanied by a certified check for five per cent of the cost of the work bid for. Plans, profile and specifications may be seen at the office of the Borough Clerk at Glen Ridge and at the office of F. W. Crane, Borough Engineer, Crane Building, Montclair, N. J.

The Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

All bids must be delivered to the Borough Clerk at eight o'clock P. M. on the eighth day of October, 1905, at the Council Room in Glen Ridge Hall, Ridgewood avenue, Glen Ridge, N. J.

Dated September 21, 1905.

CLARENCE PLACE, Borough Clerk.

ESTATE OF AUGUSTA M. WOOD.

August 1, 1905.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned administrator of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

THOMAS F. COGAN, Administrator.

SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, Jr., Proctor.

ESSEX COUNTY ORPHANS' COURT.

In the matter of the estate of AUGUSTA M. WOOD, deceased. On petition for sale of lands to pay debts.

ORDER.

Thomas F. Cogan, administrator of Augusta M. Wood, deceased, having exhibited under oath a true account of the personal estate and debts of said late deceased, it is ordered that the personal estate of said Augusta M. Wood is insufficient to pay her debts and requesting the aid of the Court in the premises, it is thereupon this 31st day of July, 1905, ordered that all persons interested in the lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate of said Augusta M. Wood, deceased, appear before this Court at the Court House in the City of Newark on the 6th day of October, 1905, at 10 A. M., to show cause why so much of the said lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate of said Augusta M. Wood, deceased, should not be sold as will be sufficient to pay her debts.

Witness, Jay Ten Eyck, Esquire Judge of said Court, this 31st day of July, 1905.

JAY TEN EYCK.

G. E. RUSSELL, Surrogate.

SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, Jr., Proctor.

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LABRADOR.

its Fascinating Procession of Colorful, Fantastic Icebergs.

It is the icebergs that make Labrador fascinating. They greet you when you steam out of the strait of Belle Isle the northern gateway of the gulf of St. Lawrence, and head northward up the coast of Labrador. They come floating from the north, an endless procession, all shapes, fantastic, colossal, statuesque, even grotesque—a magnificent assemblage of crystal domes and turrets and marble fortresses. Your steamer picks its way carefully among them lest they be jealous of her intrusion and fall over upon her. And in the midst of this glorious company you come to Battle Harbor.

The settlement is on an island perhaps 200 yards in diameter, which is the outcrop of a larger island, and plows the waves of the ocean like the prow of some gigantic ocean liner. In storms the spray leaps almost across its ledgy surface. A cove hides behind the bluff sea wall, and on its rim nestles a tiny village of whitewashed cottages. You climb the hill to the lookout. Away to the north and south spreads out the vast procession of the icebergs. They come out of the north, the fog surrounding their tops and streaming like smoke from their pinnacles. They move slowly southward, perhaps three or four miles a day. Some go directly south down the Newfoundland coast, some turn west as they approach the strait and are swept by the tide into the gulf of St. Lawrence.

Day by day from the hilltop you note their slow progress. Each day sees new forms emerging on the northern horizon, while old, familiar bulks are lost to view in the south. Each month's icebergs are natives of a more northern region. Hence the bergs of the late summer, though fewer in number, are individually larger than those of the earlier part of the season, because they have been longer in the making, coming from farther north. June's icebergs are Labrador's own product and have broken off from the ice field that has filled the bays and extended far into the ocean in the previous winter. July's bergs come from Baffin Land, while the huge bulks of August are natives of Kane bay and the far northern rim of Greenland, where man has never been.—W. B. Conant in Boston Transcript.

DOG DON'TS.

Don't take the dog calling on a friend who owns a cat.

Don't make his life a miserable burden by taking him shopping.

Don't permit him to jump on a caller, wiping his dirty paws over her best gown.

Don't take him calling at all, to have him run around a friend's house chewing up rubbers, etc.

Don't permit him to salute you with his tongue and then say rapturously, "See how he kisses me."

Don't let him hop up on the chairs, so that the next person who sits there will acquire a coat of dog hairs.

Don't tie him up and go off for the day in order that he may make the neighbors miserable with his howling.

Don't expect outsiders to have the same admiration for him and accord him the same indulgent treatment you do.—Exchange.

Beyond Him.

In the staging of one of his earlier plays Joseph Jefferson, accompanied by a friend, attended a rehearsal, at which a lively disagreement arose between two of the actresses as to the possession of the center of the stage during a certain scene. While the manager poured oil upon the troubled waters Jefferson sat carelessly swinging his feet from the rail of an adjoining box. The friend could stand it no longer.

"Good gracious, Jefferson," he exclaimed, "this will ruin your play. Why don't you settle matters? You could if you only would!"

Jefferson shook his head gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye. "No, George," he replied, "the Lord only made one man who could ever manage the sun and moon, and you remember even he let the stars alone."—Harper's Weekly.

One Cause of Eye Disease.

A Scotch surgeon recently called attention to the connection between an unclean "fore-mouth" with carious teeth and a form of eye disease. He describes three cases, in each of which the teeth were in very bad condition. The gums were soft and spongy, bleeding easily, while tiny drops of pus could be pressed out from their margins. The breath had a sour smell, and the complexion was of a muddy, sallow tint. In caring for these cases the first step was to purify the mouth and put the teeth into good condition. Such procedure, together with suitable tonics and local eye treatment, brought about a perfect recovery. This is only one example of the serious nature of dental diseases.

Iron.

In an article on prehistoric iron the Industrial World states that during Roman occupation, from the middle of the first century to 411, England had a commercial iron industry, which has been continuous to the present time. The Swedish industry has been continuous from the thirteenth century or earlier. In the American colonies the first successful attempt at iron making was at Lynn, Mass., in 1645.

A Hard Ship.

"Very well, sir," cried Dr. Kwack after his quarrel with the undertaker, "I'll make you sorry for this."

"What are you going to do?" sneered the undertaker. "Retire from practice?"—Philadelphia Press.

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